

They may think not, but you have to live your own life in this world surrounded by your own circumstances. What somebody else does or may not do, has no effect upon you. Your first duty is to look out for yourself. Grow as much as you can without regard to what other people are doing.

You remember after Christ's resurrection from the dead on one of the occasions when he appeared to the apostles, he enjoined upon Peter three separate times to "Feed my lambs—feed my sheep." Peter probably thought that of course he could do that, but at the same time he wanted to know about the others, and he turned and asked about John, "What shall this man do?"

"Jesus saith unto him, What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

"Follow thou me." That is the whole secret of living a life worth living. It would be hard to find in the world today an intelligent man whether Christian or Pagan who will not agree that the life of Jesus of Nazareth is the perfect human life, and that a paradise indeed would be made of this old earth if men and women would only follow in his foot steps, abide by his precepts, obey the rules of conduct he laid down. Every one who thinks at all can see that such a life as Christ lived, even tho it bring with it sorrow and sacrifice, must also bring the greatest happiness to the soul of him who can even approach that perfect life. That is all Christ came to earth to do—to redeem mankind who was far gone in sin—to live and die for man, and accept his sacrifice, may learn the way to the heaven of happiness.

"I am the way, follow thou me." That is the message of Jesus Christ from first to last. You have only to look at the life he led to realize what such a noble life could do for you. You have only to look at the lives of those who truly follow him to see what real happiness it brings. And then you have only to follow him.

It is Christ who is the way—not some special church. It is Christ who is the way, not some set of men who erect their man-made belief as sign-boards beside the roads. It is Christ who is the way no matter how broad a path the crowd may make, leading off into the wilderness. It is Christ who is the way—no matter how attractive other paths may seem—no matter how many respectable people seem content on other roads—no matter what natural inclination you may have for some easier way.

St. Peter did not follow Christ in the same way that St. John did. They each did their separate and distinct work. But each of them lived a life for others, in which selfishness had very little part. Peter was to feed the sheep. John lived more the life of a prophet. They each did Christ's work. You are not asked to do Peter's work or John's work. There is only one thing required of you, and that is to look about you and find what God has given you the oppor-

tunity of doing, and then to do your own work to the very best of your ability.

Probably you will find that you are not at all called upon to pass judgment on the works of another. It may be that the Christian whom you criticise so much is being used by God to do a very important work of which you see and know nothing. And it may be while you are watching him you are neglecting something of the greatest importance in your own work. Don't you think that probable?

Of course, I do not mean that we should not take an interest in the welfare of our fellow beings; I don't mean that we ought to try to climb into heaven at somebody else's expense; we cannot help feeling a longing for the happiness of every human being if we have anything of the Spirit of Christ in us, but the Spirit of Christ will make us want to lead them to heaven, not drive them.

The Spirit of Christ will make us look for the good in man and rejoice to find it, instead of rejoicing over his shortcomings.

He can't fix the duty of another. That is a matter between each soul and its Maker, but if we earnestly try we can know our own duty, we can see the path Christ means for us to take, we can in truth follow him.

Nappanee, Ind.

TRIP TO EUROPE—NO. 3

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After leaving Belfast my next stopping place was Portrush, the celebrated watering place of Ulster. I can testify that its reputation as a *watering place* is not wholly undeserved, for it rained almost constantly during the two days I was there. In fairer weather it is no doubt a delightful place; it is much visited as a health and pleasure resort. From here there is a trolley line to the Giant Causeway, a distance of seven miles. I had a talk with the president of the road and he told me, among other things, that this was the first electric road ever built; that it was an American built road, and that everything used in its construction—rails, rolling stock and all—had come from the United States. And everywhere it is the same; American made goods in every market. American farm machinery and windmills and phonographs and sewing machines and bicycles and type-writers and dynamos and all sorts of electrical appliances are in use in almost every country in Europe. American built locomotives draw trains in France and England; American watches are sold in Switzerland, the clock shop of the world; American shoes in Germany, and even American cutlery in Sheffield. Our sales of late have reached such enormous proportions abroad, that Europeans tremble at what they call the "Yankee Peril," and speak of our growing trade as a Commercial Invasion of Europe. Perhaps if the 4,000,000 or more able-bodied men who constitute the standing armies of Europe, were released from military duty and permitted to engage in some productive industry, the tables would be turned and the invaders would be them-

selves invaded, but no such change is likely to take place. Militarism has its deadly grip on Europe, and in almost every country I visited, the soldier seems to be the man of the hour.

The Giant's Causeway is the greatest natural curiosity of which the Emerald Isle can boast, but to me it was something of a disappointment. I had heard of it ever since I was a little boy at school studying Mitchell's Primary Geography which contained, I remember, pictures of Fingal's Cave and the Giant's Causeway—two of the "great natural curiosities of the world." I have never seen Fingal's Cave, that is at Staffa, the Scottish end of the Causeway, but the pictures do full justice to the Irish end of it; in fact they represent it with so much fidelity to nature, that when I saw the Causeway itself, it seemed to be something I had always been familiar with, and the charm of novelty was gone. It is wonderful certainly, but not spectacular to any marked degree; just columns of basalt rising out of the sea in regular and symmetrical formation and that is all. The columns number many thousands, and are so close together that water will not pass between them. Most of them are six sided, tho they vary in number of sides from three to nine. In height they range from a few inches above the level of the water to fifteen feet, and no one knows to what depth they extend beneath the sea. In a single sentence I might describe the whole phenomenon by saying that it presents the appearance of an irregular pavement, about seven hundred feet long and half as wide, made of the tops of six sided pillars from six to fourteen inches in diameter. Scientists say that the pillars were formed by crystallization while in a state of fusion; the natives however give other accounts of the origin of the Causeway, more satisfactory to themselves than the scientific theory. One of the stories is that an Irish giant of enormous size, who was famous for his strength and courage, used to live on the Antrim coast. A Scotch giant, from across the sea, sent him a challenge to fight, which he promptly accepted. A difficulty however arose about their meeting, for there were no ships big enough to carry either giant to meet the other. The Irishman was so anxious to accommodate his friend from Scotland however, that he wouldn't allow a little matter of a hundred miles of intervening salt-water to interfere with their sport, so he laid down the celebrated Causeway from Antrim to Staffa, and the Scotch giant walked over dry shod, only to be defeated and sent home again. When the road was not needed any more, it sank into the sea which separates the two countries.

The coast about the Causeway is very rough and broken, and shows at places some beautiful chalk cliffs which have been worn away into curious shapes, and eaten out by the action of the waves, until caves and arches and holes have been formed. One of the caves is forty or fifty feet high, and extends